

WEATHER
24-65 F
50's near
the top and
up to Glacier

Free! Free! Free!

1 KAYAKIT
OR
2 FRAILINS

GOPHER PURGE

**AFTER
MIDNIGHT**

**knuu
89.1**

SEPT 17

**THE
BLIVETS**

ALL NEW!

**5:00
AT THE
DOOR**

**7:00
P.M.**

**RYDE
ONNOR**

LEGS A KIMBO



ELVIS!
BEATING OUT THAT
WILD PROUD
BEAT!

SEE!

King Kong's Capture—
and Escape!
Godzilla's Attack on
Tokyo—with His Atomic
Power!
King Kong's Incredible
Strength Levels Every-
thing Before Him!
Godzilla: Knocked Out
Bombed from the Sky!
Ocean Liners Captured
... Total Waves Flood
the Earth ... the World's
People in Peril!



PLAYLIST INSIDE

BLAZING BOSOMS!

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Hi. Well, we're back. Summer was lousy but now it's Fall. Nights are nippy and we at KMWU are back to a full 100,000 watts of awe-inspiring power. If you live in the outer limits of Kansas, and you lost us a couple of months ago, tune back to 89.1 fm. Chances are we'll be there. We intend to stay there too, trudging into the night, hand in hand with the likes of Happy Flowers, the Fall and Bad Mutha Goose to your unprotected radio. Don't sleep naked.

This summer we sadly nuzzled goodbye three of our finest on-air staff. Thanks and so long to Kevin Smith, Kevin Mead and Micheal White. And a big toothless grin and welcome to new ingrates Steve Bell, Sanda Moore, Joe Gomez and Eric Cale. You'll never regret this.

As a public-supported NPR station, we have less than millions to work with. This especially applies to the After Midnight show. To help balance our tilting financial scales, every now and then we band together with the Nepenthe Mundi Society and the WSU SAC concert committee and throw a massive party. We get five(5) of your hard earned dollars and you get five(5) hours of entertainment so exhilarating that I suggest you bring along a few damp towels and additional oxygen. The point here, of course, is to support Kansas' finest alternative radio (namely us,) and the alternative music scene in general. More info on the show later in this issue. Attend or suffer, You know what I mean.

Never hesitate to drop us a line. Reviews, stories and other literary gore is welcome. Once again, please don't send items that will rot in route.

See you sept. 17th,

TERI MOTT
MUSIC DIRECTOR
AFTER MIDNIGHT
KMWU, 89.1FM



Use to cover bosom ONLY if required

Civilization Up In Arms!

AFTER MIDNIGHT BASH IV: THE REVENGE

Feeling bored and somehow philanthropic? Have I got a public service announcement for you. September 17th marks the return of the AFTER MIDNIGHT BASH. The fourth semi-annual concert is sponsored by the Nepenthe Mundi Society and WSU's SAC Concert Committee. And check out this line-up: Legs Akimbo, the Blivets, the Mumbles, Klyde Konnor, Joe's Nose and special mystery guests the Grave-diggers. The doors open at 6:00pm, show starts at 7:00pm at the WSU/CAC Ballroom. This is the best part: IT'S ONLY FIVE DOLLARS! \$5.00!! You'd be an idiot not to attend. The cash goes to After Midnight so that we can continue our mission. Love us. Please.

OK, well, meet the bands:

LEGS AKIMBO, like pop-rocks in a cow pasture, will kick first class tunes all over the dance floor. The lovable Mark Wharton, Steve Cox, Ron Land & Steve Bell promise not to play as loudly as they would in a shopping mall.

BLIVETS, back from a refreshing trip to Lawrence, will delight you with new songs as well as re-delight you with favorites. Hoping that the lack of ball-return machines won't effect their concentration, Shaun Nichols, Mark Munzinger, Herb Haun and Charlie Maxton hate each other but love to play just for you.

The god-like MUMBLES defy description. Maybe Muddy Waters after a 32 day coffee binge. I hurt myself when I dance to them. John Eberly, Dale Stuke, Ron Stallbauer, and Ken Haug. We love them.

KLYDE KONNOR; Cameron Goutley, Ron Smith,

and Mike Coykendall, met at a hog fry and live in a small, green tube. I feel obligated to use words like "weave" and "hypnotic" when I refer to them.

A lot of ancient equipment. A lot of hair. JOE'S NOSE. Pals Pete Studtmann and Tim Gilbert need help but don't realize it. See them and weep.

The GRAVEDIGGERS, or "Wearers of the Cayenne" as they are affectionately known in their hometown of Dodge City, hope to earn enough cash for instruments by at least Sept. 16th. Wrapped in rope and duct tape, Lonnie Blink, Don Nod and Johnny "Chicken Fried" Stark will win your heart.

SHEENA EASTON - Her song "Sugar Walls" contains the following lyrics: "The blood races to your private spots/That lets me know there's a fire./You can't fight passion when passion is hot./Temperatures rise inside my sugar walls./Come spend the night inside my sugar walls./I can tell you want me./It's impossible to hide./Your body's on fire./Admire it, it's burning."/

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
JUNE, 1988

1. MEXONS -- SO GOOD IT HURTS -- TWIN TONE
2. PIXIES -- SURFER ROSA -- 4 AD
3. BUTTHOLE SURFERS -- HAIWAY TO STEVEN -- TOUCH & GO
4. SALEM 66 -- NATURAL DISASTERS & NATIONAL TREASURES -- HOMESTEAD
5. CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN -- OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART -- VIRGIN
6. MICHELLE SHOOKED -- TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES -- COOKING VINYL
7. MISSING FOUNDATION -- 1933 -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
8. JANDEK -- YOU WALK ALONE -- CORWOOD INDUSTRIES
9. HONEYMOON IN RED -- HOMESTEAD
10. FEEDTIME -- SHOVEL -- ROUGH TRADE
11. PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH -- POWER IGY -- HOMESTEAD
12. SUGARCUBES -- LIFE'S TOO GOOD -- ELEKTRA
13. DAS DAMEN -- 7" -- SST
14. JOE'S NOSE -- LOCAL
15. OPHELIA -- ORIENTAL HEAD -- ROUGH TRADE
16. STICKDOG -- HUMAN -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
17. NO MEANS NO -- THE DAY EVERYTHING BECAME NOTHING -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
18. GREEN RIVER -- REHAB DOLL -- SUB POP
19. HAPPY FLOWERS -- 7" -- HOMESTEAD
20. LEMONHEADS -- CREATOR -- TAANG!
21. ROTONDI -- PLAY ON -- ROM
22. THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS -- HOTEL DETECTIVE -- BAR NONE
23. VOMIT LAUNCH -- EXILED SANDWICH -- RAT BOX
24. TAR BABIES -- NO CONTEST -- SST
25. BEATNIGS -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
26. DEMOLITION KITCHEN -- LOCAL
27. FALL -- FRENZ EXPERIMENT -- BEGGAR'S BANQUET
28. K.D. LANG -- SHADOWLAND -- SIRE
29. SWAMP ZOMBIES -- CHICKEN, VULTURE, CROW -- DR. DREAM
30. BARKMARKET -- 1-800-GODHOUSE -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
31. VARIOUS -- YOUR SOAKING IN IT -- APEX/SKYCLAD
32. BLIVETS -- LOCAL
33. RUN WESTY RUN -- HARDLY NOT EVEN -- SST
34. SALIF KELTA -- SOBU -- MANGO
35. WHITE ZOMBIE -- SOUL CRUSHER -- CAROLINE
36. RIVER ROSES -- EACH & ALL -- PITCH-A-TENT
37. KLYDE KONNOR -- LOCAL
38. MISSION OF MURNA -- CD -- RYKODISC
39. HORSEFLIES -- HUMAN FLY -- ROUNDER
40. SNATCHES OF PINK -- SEND IN THE CLOWNS -- DOG GONE

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
AUGUST, 1988

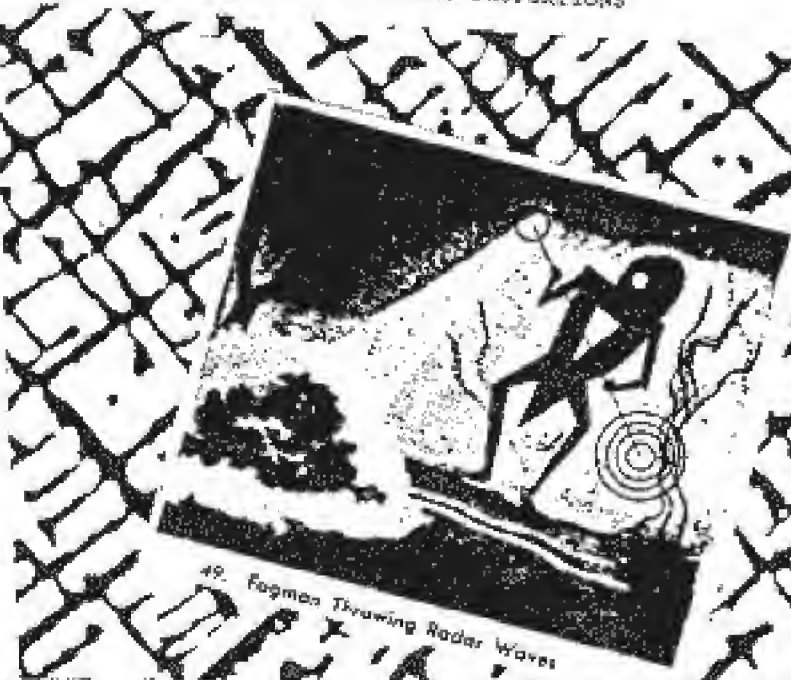
1. HAPPY FLOWERS -- I CRUSH ROZO -- HOMESTEAD
2. SWANS -- LOVE WILL TEAR US APART -- CAROLINE
3. OPHELIA -- ORIENTAL HEAD -- ROUGH TRADE
4. AMBITIOUS LOVERS -- GREED -- VIRGIN
5. PERE UBU -- TENEMENT YEAR -- ENIGMA
6. DIE KREUTZEN -- CENTURY DAYS -- TOUCH-N-GO
7. BAD MYTHA GOOSE & THE BROTHERS GRIM -- FABLE
8. MEMBRANES -- KISS ASS GOD HEAD -- HOMESTEAD
9. MY DAD IS DEAD -- LETS SKIP THE DETAILS -- HOMESTEAD
10. JOY DIVISION -- SUBSTANCE -- QUEST
11. MICHELLE SHOOKED -- SHORT SHARP SHOOKED -- MERCURY
12. KLYDE KONNOR -- LOCAL
13. JOE'S NOSE -- LOCAL
14. HEAD OF DAVID -- DUST BOWL -- BLAST FIRST
15. BOMB -- HITS OF ACID -- BOMER RECORDS
16. BLIVETS -- LOCAL
17. BEAT HAPPENING/SCREAMING TREES -- HOMESTEAD
18. AFRIKA BAMBATA -- THE LIGHT -- CAPITAL EMI
19. PATTI SMITH -- DREAM OF LIFE -- ARISTA
20. LEGS'AKIMBO -- LOCAL
21. BEATNIGS -- BEATNIGS -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
22. RUN WESTY RUN -- HARDLY NOT EVEN -- SST
23. DEMOLITION KITCHEN -- LOCAL
24. WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES -- LET'S PLAY DOMINATION -- CAROLINE
25. MISSING FOUNDATION -- 1933 -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
26. LES MYSTERES DES VOIX BULGARES -- ELEKTRA NOSE SUCH
27. EDIE BRICKELL -- SHOOTING RUBBER BANDS AT THE STARS -- GIFFEN
28. GREEN RIVER -- REHAB DOLL -- SUBPOP
29. PINK LINCOLNS -- BACK FROM THE PINK ROOM -- GREEDY BASTARD
30. FIELDS OF THE MEPHILIM -- THE MEPHILIM -- BEGGAR'S BANQUET
31. LYRES -- A PROMISE IS A PROMISE -- AGE OF HEARTS
32. SKEMTERS -- WINE WOMEN AND WALLEYE -- DB
33. PASSION FODDER -- FAT TUESDAY -- ISLAND/BEGGARS BANQUET
34. STEEL PULSE -- STATE OF EMERGENCY -- MCA
35. SUGAR CUBES -- LIFE'S TOO GOOD -- ELEKTRA
36. RAYMEN -- TONIGHT IT'S THE RAYMEN -- BLUE TURTLE
37. VERLAINES -- BIRD DOG -- HOMESTEAD
38. MEXONS -- SO GOOD IT HURTS -- TWIN TONE
39. PAGAN BABIES -- NINT -- HUNKER
40. TOKEN ENTRY -- JAYBIRD -- HUNKER

CINDY LAUPER - Her lyrics run the gambit from masturbation to prostitution. Her song, "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" is filthy. Her psychedelic hair and wild outfits are indications of her rebellion and anti-establishment ideals. She gets her spiritual advice from wrestling promoter Lou Albano.



AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
JULY, 1988

1. OPHELIA -- ORIENTAL HEAD -- ROUGH TRADE
2. PERE UBU -- TENEMENT YEAR -- ENIGMA
3. BEATNIGS -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
4. SUGAR CUBES -- LIFE'S TOO GOOD -- ELEKTRA
5. JOE'S NOSE -- LOCAL
6. IGGY POP -- INSTINCT -- ASH
7. CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN -- OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART -- VIRGIN
8. BAD MYTHA GOOSE & THE BROTHERS GRIM -- FABLE
9. RUN WESTY RUN -- HARDLY NOT EVEN -- SST
10. JET BLACK FACTORY -- DUALITY -- 391
11. AFRIKA BAMBATA -- THE LIGHT -- CAPITAL/EMI
12. MISSING FOUNDATION -- 1933 -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
13. PATTI SMITH -- DREAM OF LIFE -- ARISTA
14. SWANS -- LOVE WILL TEAR US APART -- CAROLINE
15. MEXONS -- SO GOOD IT HURTS -- TWIN TONE
16. WHITE ZOMBIE -- SOUL CRUSHER -- CAROLINE
17. AMBITIOUS LOVERS -- GREED -- VIRGIN
18. VERLAINES -- BIRD DOG -- HOMESTEAD
19. HEAD OF DAVID -- DUSTBOWL -- BLAST FIRST
20. DEMOLITION KITCHEN -- WORDS FOR LUNCH -- LOCAL
21. STICKDOG -- HUMAN -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
22. GLASS EYE -- BENT BY NATURE -- BAR NONE
23. GREEN RIVER -- REHAB DOLL -- SUB POP
24. HAPPY FLOWERS -- I CRUSH ROZO -- HOMESTEAD
25. PIXIES -- SURFER ROSA -- 4 AD
26. LEMONHEADS -- CREATOR
27. CHILDBEARING HIPPS -- LOCAL (AUSTIN)
28. KLYDE KONNOR -- I ALWAYS FORGET -- LOCAL
29. BULLET LAVOLTA -- TAANG!
30. A'GRUM -- BLOODY SIDE -- CRAZY LOBSTER
31. SCREAMING TREES/BEAT HAPPENING -- HOMESTEAD
32. SWAMP ZOMBIES -- CHICKEN, VULTURE, CROW -- DR. DREAM
33. PINK LINCOLNS -- BACK FROM THE PINK ROOM -- GREEDY BASTARD
34. FEEDTIME -- SHOVEL -- ROUGH TRADE
35. MEMBRANES -- KISS ASS GODHEAD -- HOMESTEAD
36. MY DAD IS DEAD -- LET'S SKIP THE DETAILS -- HOMESTEAD
37. 1/2 JAPANESE -- 7" SINGLE -- 50 SKIDILLION WATTS
38. ROTONDI -- PLAY ON -- ROM
39. JIMMY BUSBY -- ELVIS TRIBUTE -- GUR
40. DOUG ORION -- THE ATTIC TAPES -- RATIO PROPORTIONS



We get at least a few letters. Here are some representative ones:

DEAR GOPHER PURGE;

I feel that the existence of free, unrestrained programing is vital to the very heart and soul of each and everyone of us as individuals. Even if we dont agree with a persons tastes or views, we, as a group, do not have the right to restrain that person from expressing those views. We do, however, have the right, as a group or as individuals, to either walk away, or as in this case, turn the knob if we feel that these views are foreign to what we believe.

Censorship, no matter where it lies, is the ugliest and most revolting transgression inflicted on man, by man. No matter what costume it wears, nothing can hide its ugliness or make the pill less bitter.

Thank You. Sincerely,
M. Roark

M. Roark,
Thanks,

DEAR GOPHER PURGE;

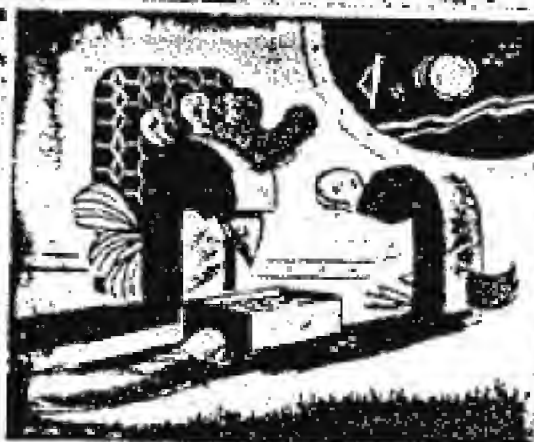
Thanks for the news letter, its really cool. I really love the variety of music and entertainment now on After Midnight. I was wondering if there are T-shirts available that say KNUW or AFTER MID-NIGHT. Are the concerts listed all age concerts? I went to the Bash last year and I am going to be disturbed until there is going to be another one. I am very anxious, when is it? Help!

Thanx,
Lori Carlson

Lori,

I-shirts I can't help you with; the Bash is on the way. Hope you haven't grown up and moved away since you wrote this letter. If not, see you Sept. 17th.

STEVIE NICKS - According to Rolling Stone magazine, she is openly involved with the occult. She would like to build her own pyramid and live in a little "witch house" on a cliff overlooking the ocean. "I love the symbolism of the three roses" Nicks said, "which is very pyramid, very



24. Chicken and Duck on Beach

I like to go to the zoo. I can see the animals in the zoo. I can see:

a lion
a tiger
an elephant

Can you see the animals? What are they doing?

The lion is lying in the grass.

The tiger is walking up the hill.

The elephant is drinking water.

One day aboard
Noah's Ark...

I seriously regret being forced to edit the following letter:

Dear Aunt Grizelda;

I heard a rumor of flowers, dancing in the kitchen and it occured to me that things were in fact--different, with the exception of Preacher(the Heretic) Jones who never really begat David who begat John who has but(?) been forgotten, that didn't come out quite right, however this is the last sheet of paper and if that means what I think it does, my eligibility for the Mc Donald's (\$6,000,000,000 ways to win or puke) Monopoly is quote, "Null and Void."

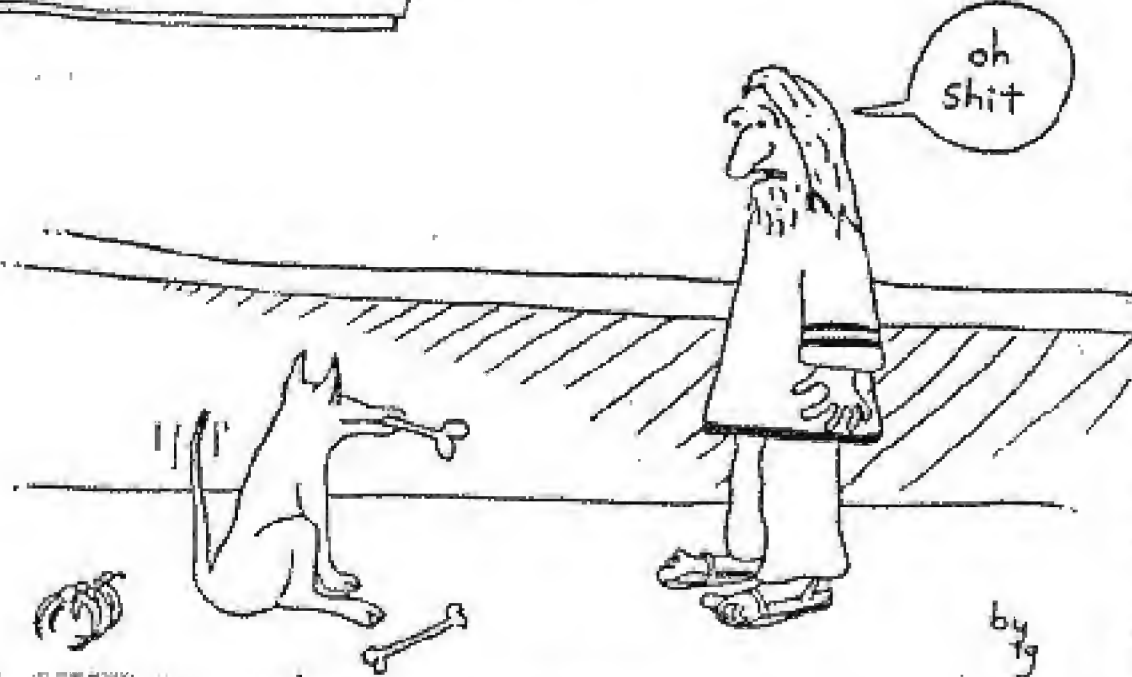
Yes--Yes, YES I know!!! I just wish the landlord was a Catholic nun, so she would withdraw your hand, nonsense--and turn to face the cold cathedral wall, instead of always mindlessly staring at me with the Tidy Bowl blue eye. I'm sure you share my sympathies, even though your mother, isn't (snicker, cackle, snicker) related at all to Zu'mon'Dyke of the Marble Nec-Christ, this prime time tube is making my feet small bad. (Wouldn't you say?)

So how was your trip to Vancouver? Did it help your rheumatism--what exactly is rheumatism anyway, and why would going to Vancouver at the height of the Whale Mating Season, have anything to do with the seven negroe men standing in my doorway wearing berets--leaving nothing--to....chance. You may shve to edit this letter and atke all the----- and '-----' out of it Aunt Grizelda, but please believe me--I MEAN WHAT I SAY. I new I had to do this or leave eve, I new eve war un fleashtick...eve where uh Runna way Rain.....

Sometimes in spite of himself,
Glennard Screamer



22. Space Deer



by
tg

LETTERS CONT.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL?

George Harrison was the one who...
...the Beatles...
...the one who...

George Harrison was the one who...
...the Beatles...
...the one who...

7-4-88

Dear National Enquirer,

I been reading a lot of stuff in y'all's magazine as of late, concernin' Elvis livin' in Kalamazoo or Walla Walla or some such nonsense. I'd like to inform you right here and now that any and all such talk is pure bull fertilizer. Elvis has passed on to a much better place than those nats are ever likely to see. Elvis still visits the faithful, much the same way Jesus did after their dirty Jews nailed him to the cross and he rose to his full glory. I know this for a fact, for I am one of those lucky few. Before I relate to you my story, I would like to offer a personal message. Elvis, if you can read these words wherever you are, I'd like to offer my apologies for any pain or disturbance I may have caused you. Please forgive me for being such a doubting Thomas.

My name's Opal Langelly. I'm a bit on the shy side of fifty, but still frisky as a two-year-old wren. If I had a nickel for every time I was mistaken for ~~myself~~ being the sister of my thirty-year-old daughter, I'd own the Sam Piggly Wiggly grocery mart I work in. I've been head of the customer currency flow department of the Sherman Texas location for the last twenty years. That's really just a fancy college-boy title for head cashier, but maybe I deserve a fancy-schmancy title. It's a job that requires nimble fingers, a certain way with people, and the patience of Job. There are plenty strange things that can happen to test that patience.

It was the second Friday of last month, always a busy day, both L.O.F. Chase Installation and Oscar Mayer pay their employees those days, and I end up workin' my fingers until my Lee press-ons fall off. This day had been nasty in particular. Six customers had already held up my line to take back things they couldn't afford (although it's less their fault than that old fart Reagan's), two nappy, blue-haired ol' biddies who threw a hissy when I accidentally shorted them about thirty cents, and every one of those damned Ford stamp dealers in the store chose my register. I was not in the mood for sick jokes.

I was ten minutes off my break and not real happy 'bout being back on the clock, when up walks this cat in the flashiest pair of green bell-bottoms I've ever seen outside a Salvation Army. He had on a new white satin shirt with collars the size of the wings on a 747. He had a jet-black pompadour that didn't quite hide the fact that he was usin' a hair dye to cover them battle-tale grays. A pair of thick, girlish lips covered his mouth, and he looked at me with heavily lidded eyes you see on those Cuties on Miami Vice when they're all hopped up on drugs.

Till the day I'm lyin' on my deathbed I will not forget what I rang up from that cat's cart: three cakes of Little Debbie snack cakes, a box of Jelly Doughnuts, two six-packs of Yoo-hoo chocolate drink, and a bottle of Preparation H.

I rang up his items with nary another glance. I told him his total, and he wrote

out a check.

"Okay, I'll need to see a driver's license and another I.D., Mr. KL- waitaminute!" I said, reading the name on the check. "Elvis Aron 'the King' Presley?" "Yes'm."

If he had walked up to me and said "Hi, I'm Jesus Christ, fresh down from heaven. What aisle are your condems on?" I couldn't have been more repulsed. "Elvis is dead, and your sick for usin' his good name."

But this nut just wouldn't give up. "Ma'am, I am Elvis. Lasso," he said, digging through his wallet. "Ain't got much in the way of I.D. Got a driver's license. Memphis County death certificate. Got my Honorary Drug Enforcement Agent I.D. and badge Nixon gave me." He looked up at me and whisped, like he was tellin' me a secret. "Ya'll wouldn't believe how clumsy that cat's hands are."

"Look, I don't care if you got a signed letter from the pope himself sayin' you're Elvis. I seen him in concert in '76," I said, giving him a good once-over. "Ya'll don't look a thing like him."

"Well ma'am," he said, "the Afterlife can really do somethin' for a weight problem."

"If you're Elvis, do that thing with your lip."

He did that thing with his lip.

"Well... anyone can do that with enough practice. Okay 'Elvis'," I answered, "why don't you tell me what your new name is?"

Right then, them heavy-lidded eyes popped open with anger. "Don't you drag my name into this," he growled, grabbing me by the lapels of my uniform. He pulled me until my face was about an inch from his. "I'll kill anyone who says anything about my name. Nuts, women, or child."

I broke away from his grip, and went for the P.A. microphone by my register. I called (hell, I practically screamed) for security.

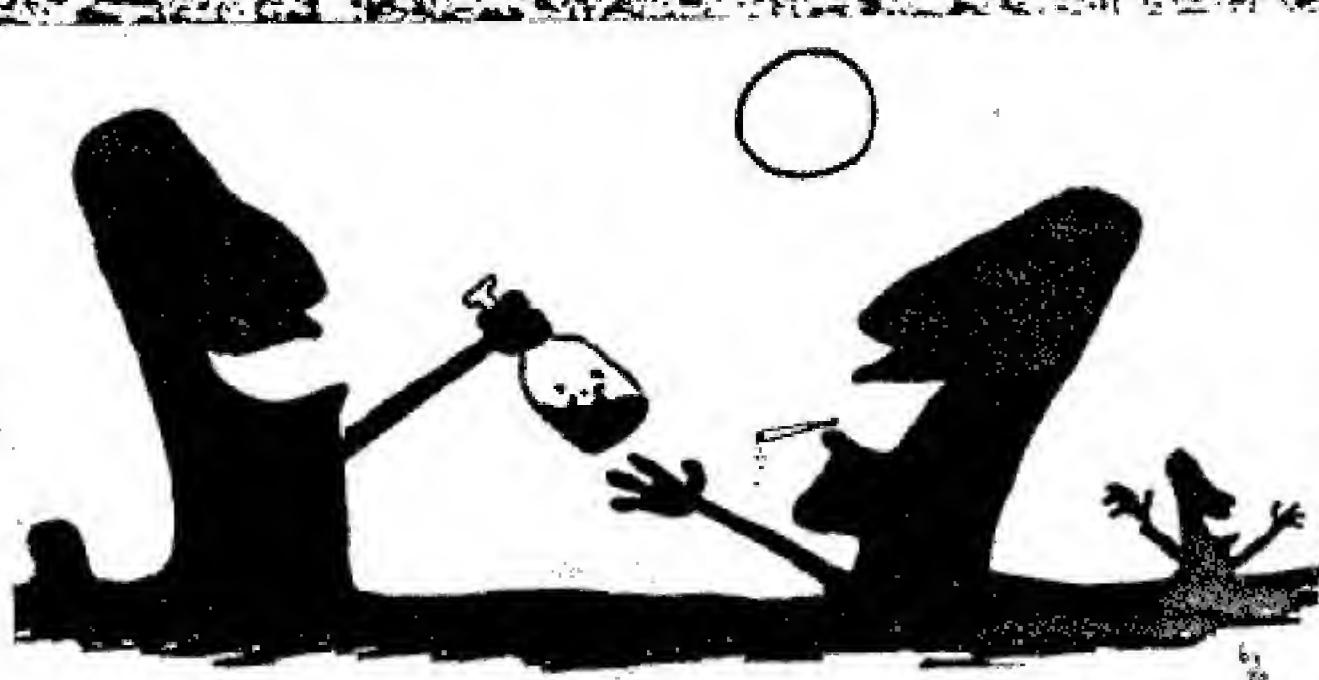
It was when Jim and Chas were shortin' him out, that it happened. As they got him to the door, he just... I don't know. He just dissolved! As Jim and Chas looked at each other like they just had their hands on a ghost, this huge, booming voice announced "Elvis has left the Piggly Wiggly. Elvis has left the Piggly Wiggly."

I couldn't believe it. A divine visit from the King, and I had him thrown out of the Piggly Wiggly like a common criminal! Oh, Elvis, I can't tell you how sorry I am if you deem me deserving of another chance, even if you show up as the devil himself, I will believe!

I hope you're plannin' on payin' me at least as much as you pay people for their goofy ghost stories (okay hallucinations, I call 'em). Make sure you spell the name right. Opal, not Opel.

Your loyal reader,

Opal Langelly



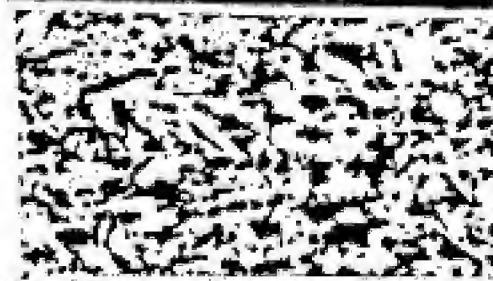
Saturday night, Easter Island.

NEW AND UPCOMING RELEASES

Screaming Trees-Invisible Lantern-SST
 Poi Dog Pondering-Texas Motel
 Pixies-Gigantic Ep-4ad
 GG Allin-Freaks, Faggots and Junkies-Homestead
 Feedtime-Cooper 5-Rough Trade
 Various Artists-Disparate Cogecenti-Rough Trade
 Ben Vaughn-Blows Your Mind-Restless-
 Black Uhuru-Live in New York City-Rohit
 Henry Kaiser-Those who Know History-SST
 Rapeman-Budd 12"-Touch and Go
 Smiths-Rank-Sire
 Fealties-Only Life-AMN
 Scruffy the Cat-The Moons of Jupiter-Relativity
 Squalls-No Time-Dog Gone
 Bad Brains-Live-SST
 Game Theory-2 Steps from the Middle Ages-Enigma
 Tom Waits-Big Time-Island
 Daniel Johnston-Hi, How are You?-Homestead
 Ennio Morricone-Venture/Virgin
 Heretics-Get Hip/Skyed
 Big Dipper-12"-Homestead
 Das Damen-Marshmallow Conspiracy-SST
 Barbara Mandrell-Capitol
 Full Time Men-Twin Tone
 Yellowman-Sings the Blues-Rohit
 Nick Cave-Enigma
 Ruben Blades-Antecedente-Elektra
 Huxton Creepers-Keep It to the Beat-Big Time/Polydor pg
 Salem 46-Homestead
 Brood-In Spite of it All-Get Hip/Sky Clad
 Scene is New-Twin Tone
 Sonic Youth-Enigma
 Wagoneers-Stout and High-AMN
 Billy Bragg-Worker's Play Time-Elektra
 Dinosaur Jr.-Freak Scene 7"-SST
 Death of Samantha-Homestead
 Halo of Flies-Twin Tone
 Various-It Came From Jay's Garage-Celineoid
 Nice Strong Arm-Mind Furnance-Homestead
 Mystic Eyes-Our Time to Leave-Get Hip
 Angry Samoans-STP not LSD-Passport
 Cocteau Twins-Silver Bell Knoll-Capitol
 Sky Sunlight Saxon-World Fantastic-Skyed
 Various-Zimbabwe Frontline-Earthworks/Virgin
 Fleasheaters-Homestead
 Pink Slip Daddy-Apeak/Skyed
 Various-Disney Album/Stay Awake-AMN
 Frank Sinatra-Columbia
 Dinosaur Jr.-Bug-SST
 Volcano Suns-Farced-SST
 Ziggy Marley-Time Has Come-EMI/Manhattan

Vincent Van Freebish Stands By His Latest Masterpiece

Our resident wall painter (he prefers the term artist) has just completed his master work. "I call it buffalos," he said. "I don't know why, it just reminds me of my mother." Vincent's big fear is that his contemporary work will not stand the test of time.



MICHAEL JACKSON - Jackson is making millions promoting demonic and satanic ideas. His song "Thriller" is full of ghouls and zombies. The song makes constant references to death, the grave, midnight, snatching of souls, etc. At the end of the song, Vincent Price, an acclaimed Warlock, calls for the dead to rise and "Terrorize your neighborhood".

TM: Is the music you're doing now influenced alot by the songs you heard as a kid in Memphis?
 AC: Sure.
 TM: What did you listen to?
 AC: I guess I was a Beatles fan a lot. I liked a lot of the British music from the mid sixties. And I liked alot of rhythm and blues.
 TM: Is that what you listen to now?
 AC: No, I don't listen to anything in particular. No particular style. Just things that you hear on the radio.
 TM: How does it feel to be deified by college radio?
 AC: Oh, it doesn't feel like anything.
 TM: Do you feel the effects of it very much?
 AC: It's not something that I worry about.
 TM: Would you like to achieve super stardom again, like you had with the Box Tops? Are you happy with what you're doing?
 AC: If I can keep going the way I'm going, I'm enjoying it. It doesn't matter to me, if I can keep making a living. Playing music I like. It's what I enjoy doing if I can make a living at it. And that's all I can ask.
 TM: Are you recording something now?
 AC: No, I may do a production job later this summer. On a French group called the Lolitas. Well, they're French or German...both. But my own recording, I'll do something next year.
 TM: Do you intend to collaborate with anyone?
 AC: Well I don't know, you know, it all depends. The record business is such a strang thing. A lot of it depends on how much money I've got to work with, to make a record. Because to make a record for ten thousand dollars is all different from making one for twenty, which is all different from making one for forty or more.
 TM: Do you have a favorite cover of one of your tunes by another band?
 AC: No, I don't know. I don't pay a lot of attention to a lot of people's versions. For a long time I didn't have a record player.
 TM: I'm sure glad you played tonight. Thanks for talking with me.
 AC: Thanks for talking with me.

--TERI MOTT



FLAMING LIPS

They do EXACTLY what you think they do!

LIPS AND WHIGS BEAUTIFUL MID-WESTERN SHOWCASE

Early this summer we Michitans had the privilege and extreme pleasure of seeing, hearing, and in some cases, psychically communicating with the legendary Flaming Lips and cohorts the Modern Whigs. The event took place at the lovely and well-equipped Big Dog Studios Showcase. Both bands were visually and aurally overwhelming. Literally. My skull ached for three full days from inadvertently pounding it backwards into a brick wall. My head was propelled solely by the sheer force of the Lips sound and the pain-inducing light show. The crowd took such a beating that precious few called for an encore. It wasn't that we didn't want more, we were simply too drained to ask for it.

After midnight's Pete Studtmann somehow found the energy to interview both bands. Here are both conversations, pretty much in their entirety, and in order of the night's lineup. First, the holy Modern Whigs.

PS: What do you classify your music as being? Is there a classification?

DREW: What have you always thought, Steve?

STEVE: Acid rock.

PS: Acid rock?

DAVE: Head soul.

DREW: Head soul. That's what we've been calling it lately.

PS: Is that soul or soul?

DAVE: Soul, I guess.

DREW: We kinda like soul music, but we think there's more to it than just black people singing it. I think soul music comes from the soul no matter how you look at it.

PS: So you're all from Dallas. What's going on in Dallas? Is there a scene? Are you widely accepted in Dallas?

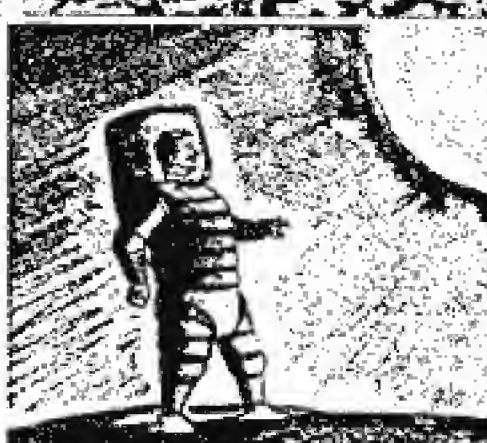
DREW: Well... actually people in Dallas are a little fluffy. We do have a following but the majority of people in Dallas would rather put on hairspray or something.

DAVE: And go to the disco.

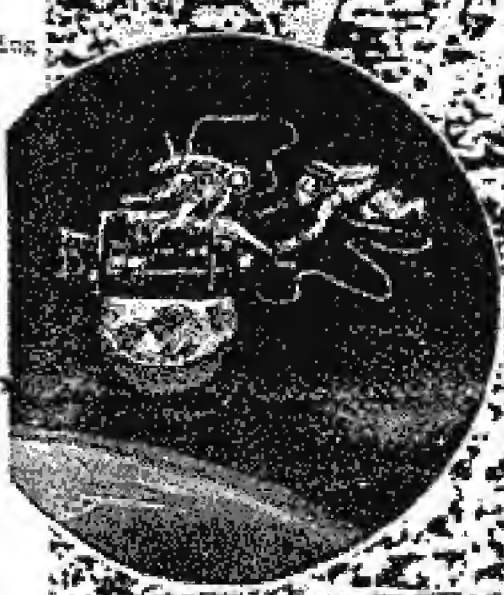
STEVE: They'd much rather hear recorded music and show off their clothes than hear live music.

DREW: When you go out it's more to show off what you've got...and be entertained.

PS: Is there a certain type of listener you're looking for? Are you looking for a...



33. Sun Resistant Suit



DREW: Someone who looks like you.

PS: Like me??

DREW: Someone who kinda reminds me of myself. Someone who is free thinking-not scared to open their mind...

PS: And fill it with garbage...

DREW: To experiment...

PS: Right on. When I was listening to your tape the other day I noticed that you tapped into some weird styles that I wasn't used to. Especially the keyboards. It wasn't techno-oriented, what are you trying to do?

STEVE: Trying not to use the keyboard in such a mainstream way. To be totally experimental with it-to take it to it's limits. Be experimental with different sounds.

DREW: It's amazing to me to listen to the radio and hear the same keyboard sounds in every song. Whether it's Robert Plant, or Wham or whatever. They always get the same keyboard sounds. It's amazing that there are synthesizers with hundreds and hundreds of different sounds and why they get that same pling-pling sound on every song-I don't understand it! I guess they're not very adventurous or they're afraid, like politicians are.

PS: I also noticed that you experiment with guitar sounds, which are almost as abstract as some of your keyboards. Is that something that you try to do, or is that something that just happens?

DREW: Well, we try to do it then it just happens. It's a natural, an extremely natural, thing. I don't think we could do anything else. We definitely want it to happen. I like to

listen to music that I don't understand the first time through. Music that you have to listen to six or seven times before you start to understand the words; before I start picking it out. So I keep wanting to listen to it and when I start discovering it- I go WOW...this is such a heavy tune! And then every time I listen to it, it's a new thing. So you gotta keep real experimental with sounds so people will keep listening to you. I get bored with music so I wanna create something that you're gonna want to keep listening to.

THE BEE GEES - Their song, "To The Edge Of The Universe" speaks of Shenandoah, which is an evil spirit meaning, "out of the body, to the edge of the universe." (astral projection) Other interests include: pornographic drawings (Robin) as a hobby, reincarnation (Barry) and E.S.P. (Haurice)

PS: I noticed you guys setting up a projector. Are you doing a 3-D or a multi-visual show?

DREW: Yep. Sure enough. Wanna comment on that, Steve?

STEVE: I make experimental films. It goes along with the music pretty well. Each song has a set amount of visuals.

PS: So is the show gonna be timed out? Like the band goes as fast as the film goes?

STEVE: Ya, I can control the speed.

DREW: The film goes more to the pace the band goes.

DAVE: That way we have some freedom. We can speed it up or slow it down in case things aren't totally timed up right.

PS: That's neat. What's the film?

STEVE: It's a live sync.

PS: What's on the film, or do I have to wait and be surprised?

STEVE: It's a collage of alot of different things. Mostly projects I've worked on.

PS: Color or black and white?

STEVE: It's color, but there is some old black and white footage. Hopefully it will help you think along with the words and the music.

PS: I've heard you mention this several times. You want me to think. You want the listener to think. What do you want us to think about? Is there a goal or purpose you have set out...

DREW: Well it's like I have this shirt on that

says "World Peace" and it's like the Modern Whigs, it's a political party that anyone can join. You can be a Modern Whig. In fact, I have voter registration cards, if anybody wants one, you can give them one.

DAVE: I think that we can honestly say that anyone can make anything they want to out of it. We're not that active in putting ideas in people's heads.

DREW: It's not like we're putting ideas in people's heads. It's just that our words are so open that it's like-How does this relate to you? What does it make you think? More than we're trying to project this thought about how we must save the world. It's just like an extra thought. However it relates to you.

PS: You mentioned to me that you have an album in the works, or in the process of recording..

DREW: Ya, we've got half of it recorded and right now it's called "Shaved Brains," we were going to call it "Conscious Remains," but our executive producer really liked, "Modern Whigs-Shaved Brains" which is the name of one of our songs. We're working on it. It's fun. It should be done within a month. It could be done right now except for a couple of hold ups.

PS: When you get it completed you'll have to see to it that we get a copy at the station.

DREW: Sure thing.



43. Space Patrol Helmet



46. Space Pig



57. Star Man Shooting Through Space

And now, the FLAMING LIPS....

PS: Religion?

MR. LIP 1: I just think it's all sort of silly. People believe in all sorts of things. People believe in Bon Jovi. They have to believe in something so I don't down anybody for it. But the whole God thing, Jesus Freak kind of attitude is sorta like being a Grateful Dead fan. People need something to follow around all the time. That's pretty much what people do with God and stuff.

PS: With the GRATEFUL DEAD they do have a band they can follow around. For years and years. So...Who writes the songs?

LIP 1: I write most of the lyrics and stuff, but we all sort of write the songs and come in with ideas here and there. Like in a sound check, we'll go, that sounded great and we'll paly with that for awhile. It all sounds so wierd and that's probable why. Because we're not shooting for our particular thing. It's all just, "Ya, that's great. That sounded cool!" It's just a mish-mash of a lot of stuff. And it just ends up sounding like us time and time again...Does that make any sense?

PS: No, but when it's typed up it'll look great. I've always liked the ambiguity of your music. Like whatever tune it is that says, "I never could believe in what I couldn't see."

LIP 1: "Can't Exist."

PS: Ya, that was one of my favorite songs for awhile and I listened to it alot because every time I listened, it seemed to evoke different ideas and images in my head.

LIP 1: Cool.

PS: Who wrote that song? You wrote that song? No! You wrote that song. Well who wrote the song, "Thanks to You?" You wrote that one too? Well, I just want to know, were you recently crashed by a girl or something?

LIP 2: Well you could look at it as to God- you know- a song to God. That's not what it is. But you could look at it that way. An angle to look at it.

PS: It's really wierd, going back, looking at your music. You know, the way things start and end similarly. It's like, on the first side you had this song "Can't Exist" and on the other side you had this song "Thanks to You," which answered all the questions that were asked in "Can't Exist."

LIP 1: Wow, that's really good.

PS: So now you can go to the next town and say that there's this idiot in Wichita who see's things this way.

LIP 1: Ya! We'll tell them that's what it is. Side A is the question, Side B is the answer. PS: Well is you title any albums that way just refer back to Wichita Kansas.

LIP 1: That's what we'll do. Next time it's going to be, A. Question side. B. Answer side.

PS: Well if that ever happens and I see an album that way, I'll just smile really big.

LIP 1: Yeah, Cool.

PS: On that note, do you have any recordings in the works?

LIP 1: Well, we're going to have to go back into the studio after this tour. This is a month-long tour. So during this and after this, we'll come up with enough stuff for an album.

LINDA RONSTADT - In one song, she sings, "I'm on the other side of town, all strung out on heroin." In an interview, Linda said, "I can perform

PS: Are you going to do this next one like "Oh My Gawd..." and tie most all the songs together in a cohesive fashion?

LIP 2: We'll see what happens.

LIP 1: You mean like segues and things?

PS: I mean in the past it's been song-break-song-break and on the last one there were really small breaks and all kinds of noise and stuff.

LIP 1: Yeah, we kinda liked that better 'cause it gives a more flowing feel to the record. Some songs are almost like you should do them that way...yeah, there probably will be stuff like that. 'Cause that was the first we had produced ourselves. When we did our ep, a long time ago, we didn't know what we were doing. We were just lucky that we got to make a record. Then with "Hear it Is," we were out in L.A. with

this producer guy. You know, Mr. Hot Joe Producer. And we just kind of sat there and said, "Yeah, we like that." And it just kinda ended up being songs like normal folk do. Then when it came time to do "Oh My Gawd..." we were sort of set on producing it ourselves. They were sort of weird about it. We just said, "Give us the money. We'll go do it." And that's how it turned out.

LIP 2: We were shittin' in our pants. The whole time.

LIP 1: When you've got the money on the line, you don't get a second chance. If you record it and it sucks, then it sucks.

PS: Well did you guys have any trouble getting picked up when you started out? Or after the first ep did everything just fall together?

LIP 1: Well they called us and we were in the position that we needed to do another album and we didn't have any money. What do bands do when they don't have any money to record a record?

PS: Drink heavily?

LIP 1: We didn't how to shop records around a record company. They just called us and we were very lucky that we got to do it. Now they really like us and stuff. And now we're alot smarter.

LIP 2: Now we tell them what to do.

LIP 1: Yeah. Just give us the money and shut up.

PS: I consider you guys to be a psychedelic revival band; especially with the last ep. Do you consider yourselves...

LIP 1: Oh no. We really have no roots in sixties music to speak of. There's nothing that we're trying to bring out, like say the Fliestones, who really believe in the rock and roll spirit or something. We just sorta like it all.

LIP 2: I think we're influenced all the time.

LIP 1: Sixties stuff is great. The Beatles. The Who. Hendrix. David Bowie is great. Sex Pistols are great. Sonic Youth is great. We feel that there's alot of great shit and we just play what we like. It's not really derived from anything and especially not the sixties.

We really didn't listen to records alot in the sixties. It's just that there's good shit everywhere. There's good shit right now. I mean if you listen to the sixties that's cool, but we play our own thing.

PS: With psychedelic music I don't always refer to the sixties. Psych to me means thought and image provoking. Music with a brain.

LIP 1: A lot of people when they say psych mean Plasticland and paisley shirts and Beatie boots. It's more of a fashion than a music. When I think of psych I think of Hendrix and the Beatles white album, stuff like that. But alot of people get it mixed up with clothes, the 60's, peace

and all of that. We're into the 60's, the 90's, the 1,000's, the 2,000's. That's what we wanna be. The band of the 2,000's.

LIP 2: A lot of today's roots bands don't try to be flashy. It's like, we're just an American rock band. We're not flashy, we're not nothin', just an American rock band. It gets to be kinda boring. I mean, we've got lights, we've got smoke. We've got all this shit you know, it's like the coolest thing you could do. Volume. Intensity. You know it's like YAAAAAAH!! I mean that's not sixties or seventies. It's just a culmination of everything. You can be any kind of person to enjoy the show. Even if you hate the music, you won't forget the show.

-- PETE STUDDMANN

SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH!

RECORD REVIEWS

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Honeymoon In Red
Widowspeak/Release

Don't expect some kid to elect to publicly display his sexual prowess by roaring down your street with the music of this album blasting out of his jacked-up '73 Nova. Cute, little cherubs will not be rocking back and forth to this sound track while some television announcer extolls the seemingly limitless virtues of a particular brand of diaper. Any clenched fists or flaming cigarette lighters thrust skyward in salute to particular passages of this album would wiggle pointlessly for a second before dropping sheepishly back to waist level. This music belongs under your bed in the middle of a cuggy night, providing the thoughts and rhythms with which to flap your body vainly about the sweat-soaked sheets. There might even be some dried blood on the pillow case in the morning. Oh, Happy Day!

When Lydia Lunch fronts the Birthday Party in it's final stages, you know it's time to let the bad times crawl. Lydia, who shall henceforth be referred to as "Giggles," shares the crux of the singing and songwriting with Roland S. Howard. Nick Cave and "Giggles" perform a couple of duets that are not too unlike Steve and Edie on rotating spits. The music of the album primarily leans more toward the slower, bad weather rock of Howard and Cave's solo records. The two songs that I enjoyed most on Honeymoon In Red, however, were the more abrasive "Field of Fire" and

HEART - "Devil Delight" is a song that speaks of the sinister pleasure of a "dirty demon daughter". In an interview in February 1981, Ann and Nancy Wilson of the group were asked about their reported involvement with the occult. In response, they just giggled and refrained from comment.

"Three Kings." "Three Kings" rolls along in the continuous company of a demented burst of guitar and eventually picks up a welcome companion in the form of what is listed as "sonic holocaust guitar" courtesy of Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore. Don't be fooled. Whatever Mr. Moore was torturing to achieve the sound, he created on this song was very much alive, and, depending upon your stance on the animal rights issue, he should either be honored or arrested for making them.

I don't necessarily think these people unbecomingly wise because of the continually negative attitude they choose to put across in their music, but they do it in such a successful and interesting manner I do find myself wallowing happily in every moan, groan and whimper they produce. As expected, the nouns, verbs, adverbs and adjectives their lyrics are

comprised of invoke violent, miserable, and painful images. At the hands of Moneymoon in Red, though, even normally innocent conjunctions, prepositions, and articles seem to drip with some sort of vile liquid by way of guilt through association. No phrase from any song on this record shall be printed on a placard and warranted for placement on secretaries' desks. Purchase this record. Whistle it at work.

--Kevin Mead

GOD IS NOT DEAD

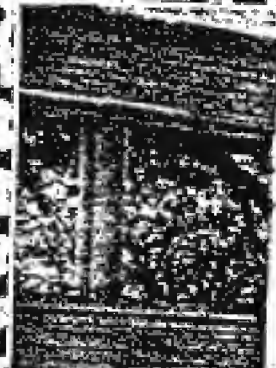
The Pixies:
Surfer Rosa
4AD

A friend of mine- we'll call him Ebb- wants to release a record. He's already been in the studio, he's got the master tape, and he's even gone so far as to have a test pressing made. I'm confident about the quality of his material, but Ebb isn't, and, consequently, on top of wanting to release a record, he's also looking for an excuse not to. My friend Ebb lives in New York. Lately, when he mentions the (relatively) new Boston band The Pixies, my other friends in New York roll their eyes. It's not that they dislike The Pixies, or even disapprove of them; no one who has heard them could do either of those things. It's just that The Pixies, in Ebb's world, have evolved into a kind of argument against releasing his own material, and all my other New York friends are sick of hearing it. Ebb's argument is that the idea of releasing a record has already been used; The Pixies have already done that. No one needs to release records anymore. The Pixies have released a record that makes most other records look dumb.

My friend Ebb has a gift for wild hyperbole, but in the case of The Pixies' debut LP for 4AD Records, entitled "Surfer Rosa," even his prodigious talents have been put to the test. "Surfer Rosa" is the kind of unexpected, too-good-to-be-hoped-for occurrence that makes you wonder why you ever bothered with Killdozer, or whether or not you ever want to hear Volcano Suns again. I like both of those bands, but it seems to me the The Pixies are doing what they do - rough, threatening guitar rock - and doing it a lot better. The sound on "Surfer Rosa" is genius; it alternates between menacing quiet and all-out guitar explosions in a way that makes you wonder what's around the corner. It's loose, the way the first great Gun Club LP was, but tight where that band was sloppy. And it's mean, like Big Black (whose Steve Albini produced).

PAT BOONE

IT'S THE GAVEST
GOB-AND-GAL
GET-TOGETHER
YOU EVER SAW!



The vocals on "Surfer Rosa" - sometimes in Spanish, sometimes an eerie falsetto, and always commanding - are provided by the band's chief songwriter and apparent creative anchor, Black Francis. Black Francis, who is known in the real world as Charles, is a twenty-three year old Caucasian man, transplanted from California to Boston via a six-month stint in Puerto Rico. "I was supposedly going to school there," he told me when I talked to him and bassist Mrs. John Murphy before a recent Kansas City show. "but I mostly just went to the beach a lot." That explains the Spanish that crops up in such songs as "Vamon" and "Oh My Golly," but the musical influences remain a little more enigmatic. This is due in part to the fact that Black Francis himself comes across as not all that well-listened. "I got that about a month ago," he said when I mentioned the Gun Club's first LP. "It was another one of those famous bands that I never got around to before." When asked what he did get around to, Black Francis listed Iggy Pop and The Damned for himself, and, for Mrs. John Murphy, Patsy Cline and Blood, Sweat and Tears. "Oh, and The Birthday Party," he added. He screamed like Nick Cave. "It's great."

The Pixies' band name was the contribution of lead guitarist Joey Santiago. "It's a good name because everybody hates it," Black Francis said. "Joey's Filipino, and he speaks English perfectly, but it's not his native language so he still comes across words he doesn't know. Like 'pixies'... what's that?" Joey, along with drummer David Lovering, completes the band. The four met up in Boston, and had been together less than a year when their debut EP, "Come On, Pilgrim," was released last November. "Come On, Pilgrim" was a terrific debut - eight songs, including "Isa de Encanta," "Ed is Dead," and the hilarious "I've Been Tired" - the response was good, but it proved to be only a sampling of what was to come a few months later with the release of "Surfer Rosa."

When asked how old he was when he started writing songs, Black Francis held his hand up at a height that indicated "pretty young." On "Surfer Rosa" that experience shows, and the album, debuting, as it did, at number one on the English independent charts, might fairly be termed a success. The material, with the exception of "Vamon," which also appeared on "Come On, Pilgrim," is all new - no covers - and includes such After Midnight favorites as "Tony's Theme" (about an imaginary cartoon superhero with a dirt bike), and "Gigantic" (a song co-written and sung by Mrs. John Murphy, about a "big, big love"). "Cactus," my personal favorite, is there, too; it features these lines: "Sitting here alone on a cement floor/ Just wishing that I had something you wore/ Bloody your hands on a cactus tree/ Wipe it on your dress and send it to me." Steve Albini's production is another strong point, and anyone familiar with Big Black's work might already have an idea of how well Albini handles blocks of guitar noise, or the eerie silences mentioned above. Black Francis described Albini's production technique as "just turning everything on." Mrs. John Murphy said, "I read an interview about what he did. He said he just gave us Marshall amps and told us to act like we were in a heavy metal band. He really said that to us, didn't he?"

JIMMY HENDRIX - Considered to be a god by many of his fans, he died in his own vomit after a drug overdose. His acid rock music formed the basis of what was to come as other musicians copied and built on his music. His music was steeped in drugs and sex. He was quoted as saying, "Music is a spiritual thing. You can hypnotize people with the music. When you set them at their weakest point, you can preach into the subconscious that you want to say."



Onstage at The Lone Star last month The Pixies sounded less like a heavy metal band and more like a recent Village Voice review pointed out, like 1977. Since having seen them perform, I've been a little more conscientious about reading about The Pixies, and I find that it's not unusual for reviewers to have to cast back that far for just comparisons to their live shows; they certainly don't look like redeemers on stage, but their earth-shattering guitar sound told me that it might be time to fight disco all over again.

Mrs. John Murphy is the focal point of the Pixies live. Affable and friendly in person, she is positively exuberant in concert, with a permanent grin affixed to her features that might remind you of Billy Zoom, if only it didn't seem so sincere. Billy Zoom is brought to mind again in the person of Joey Santiago; dark and handsome where Zoom is what would you call that? pale? Santiago moves just as little, and seems, on stage, every bit as willing to do you in. Between these two poles is Black Francis, ambivalent, stocky, and fair. You wouldn't know what to expect from the on-stage Black

Francis, and that would be just as well.

The band had just driven in from Atlanta, with a stop by the Barbara Mandrell museum in Nashville, before the Kansas City show, and that on the heels of a European tour ("They loved us in Holland," Mrs. John Murphy said.) If they felt fatigued, it didn't show in their performance. After opening with "The Holiday Song" from the EP, they covered most of "Surfer Rosa," with a song from the Graserhead soundtrack thrown in. The fifty minute set might, in all fairness, be said to have contained as much energy of five hours of most other bands, and when the band—not surprisingly—lost power to one guitar and left the stage, the audience seemed anxious enough for more.

Meanwhile Ebb phones me up from New York and the two of us rhapsodize. Would he be able to release the material he's recorded, he wonders, if Black Francis liked it? If Mrs. John Murphy liked it? Given "Surfer Rosa," he's not sure. Sometimes in a mockery of objectivity, one of us will ask the other if he thinks the Pixies are the best band, right now, in the world. The other will be quiet for a minute and pretend to think about it. OK, the first one will say, what about the United States? And the other will answer, easily in the United States. As if you didn't know.

—Jake Eker

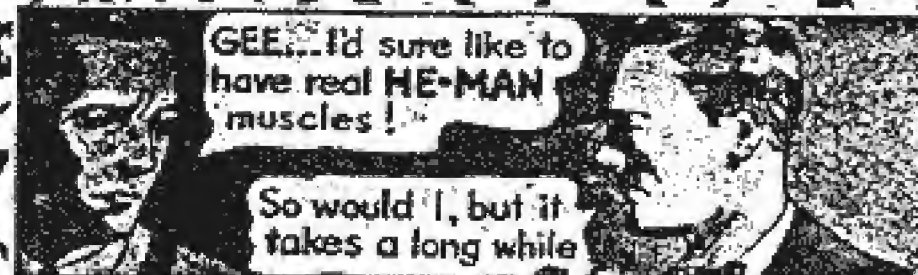
Talking Heads Naked Sire



Once an artist begins to believe that any thing he creates is a great work of art to be cohed and asked at by the culturally starved, illiterate masses then he must go out of his way to redeem his work. To me it's a sorry fact that David Byrne lost all sense of artistic discrimination several years back. Before I even opened the latest Talking Heads album I giggled with the sheer pleasure I'd gain from tearing it apart one groove at a time. Oh, how I desired to spew on David Byrne's "eri" after he'd betrayed us with such drivel as the "True Stories" album and selected cities release of his movies. I DESPISED DAVID (EXPLETIVE) BYRNE!!!

I shook with maniacal glee when I placed the disc on my turntable. "Blind" began. HA! Resorted to stealing from James Brown didn't we Mr. Byrne? Out of your own ideas? But wait... this has more of an island feel...no...Oh, God! ...what?...no Jake likes this album...Teri likes this album...ah, but they're just being indiscriminately faithful...yet...NO!NO! I WANT TO HATE THIS...David Byrne, you can't deny me that pleasure now—I want to rip you apart ... NO!NO! My toe's tapping. I'm beginning to feel giddy. This rhythm & blues, island, african music has me wiggling with happiness. It makes me miserable to admit that I actually like new work by the Talking Heads, but they've returned to their soulful roots. Take my word, I live to hate David Byrne, but I just can't this time.

—Kevin Smith



JESUS CHRIST SUPER-DOUG

DOUG: A ROCK OPERA AND COMIC BOOK
THE COOLIES
DE RECORDS

Opera, according to my good buddy Webster, (no, not the forty-year-old black midget from the T.V. show) is "a play having all or most of it's text set to music." For many centuries, opera has been joined hand-in-hand with classical music, much the same way pork rinds are associated with professional wrestling. But opera has not been solely relegated to the field of classical music. In the last couple of decades, a few artists have tried mating it with rock music. The results have been...well, mixed.

There was "Jesus Christ, Superstar," which is all right, if you like the idea of real hip Singing Quakers with electric guitars. And if any of you readers had older brothers, sisters, or parents who smoked away half their braincells in the sixties, you've probably already been told what a classic "Tommy" was. It was an original idea, musically well-performed, and had a few good songs. But it reeks of the love-beads-cheap-drugs generation, too-see-notouch-me-fellie. These and other lesser-known, unsuccessful experiments seemed to prove that the splicing of rock'n'roll and opera could not possibly produce a successful hybrid. Before you believe this, you should listen to Doug.

The Coolies have just unleashed "Doug: A Rock Opera," and the story goes something like this: Doug has been an apathetic, violent skinhead since he was seven. He's got the Pledge of Allegiance tattooed on his forehead, and talks about finding and killing the Grateful Dead. One day while Doug and his fellow skins are hangin' out a homosexual chef walks into their midst. When Pussy Cook, as he's known throughout the story, taunts Doug with the line "If I were a doctor, I'd make you cough," Doug and his friends kill and rob him. They get his money, his dope, and his recipe book.

Like any self-respecting, anarchic skinhead, Doug has some pretty good publishing contacts. The book book is published under Doug's name, and soon Doug is "the world's richest skin."

Things start going pretty well for Doug. He's got a 40 ft. stretch limo, and for the first time in his life, he's got a woman that's clean. But this wouldn't be an opera without a little tragedy thrown in. Drug-induced paranoia brings Doug to believe

INCOMPREHENSABLE

"Hetch Hetchy"
Hetch Hetchy

Hetch Hetchy is a new group from Athens, Ga. Their debut album is pretty groovy. They have a guitar-dominated sound with bongos and synthesizers occasionally thrown in for color. The music is well written but the lp lacks any one really outstanding song. I think that's due to the fact that all of the lyrics are unintelligible. Random syllables are all the poor girl can utter. Yes the lead singer has a good voice but she really should take diction lessons.

"Catscan" is the best cut of the lot. It is a more hard-driving song than the rest and best suits this person with no concept of entire words. I think these people are trying to be artists. Maybe in a couple of albums they will succeed.

—Rocine Zuckula

URBAN DUBAN - Their video Girls On Film was banned for being too porno-graphic. The song "Hungry Like a Wolf" talks about oral sex and the mouth "Snake" is mystic and satanic in its video presentation. Other songs "New Religion" and "Save a Prayer". There is little doubt about their or who they are praying to.

INDEPENDENT THINKING

WITH TIMOTHY GILBERT

Shit pisses me off, ya know?

Like this shit on T.V. that shows some evil-haired guitar hero pounding the crap out of his guitar, flailing his fingers wildly about the neck of his guitar and staring, with intent beady eyes, at his handy work -- the normal guitar star stance -- and all this being shrouded in fake stage fog with a glare of multi-colored lights. Then I notice that the guitar is not even plugged in. Sound like a familiar video? Well this kind of obvious bullshit makes my butt hurt. How many times have you watched a video, a commercial, or glanced at an ad in a magazine that shows some flashy bozo in cheesy attire, poised with instrument in hand (looking a bit like Rambo) and, if you look closely, it's NOT PLUGGED IN!

Just who do they think they're kidding? Are we, the public, really so stupid that we believe this crap? Apparently so. Think about it. Ever watch a singer on T.V. really belting it out and there's not a microphone to be seen anywhere. Sorry, Whitney, but that Diet Coke commercial sucks. Here is one for the musicians out there -- ever watch somebody make horrible and obvious errors during a music video, but amazingly, the only thing you hear is studio quality perfection?

All this shit is like somebody showing me a steering wheel and telling me what a great car they have. Just what is going on here? Who's to blame for this

idioty? It's dumbing our children.

Here is an example: I got my kid a guitar and an amp for Christmas. He opens this stuff up and immediately straps his guitar on backwards, doesn't plug his amp or even plug the guitar cord in, and starts jumping around wielding the guitar menacingly, beating the lifeless strings and making insane noises like "NEEEEEER NEEEEER NEEEEER WOW BOOMP-DE-ZOW-WOW!" He looked exactly like a bad video. I stopped him and said "Hey, bub, looky here... you gotta plug this in here, see, and turn this knob here and there you go, noises from Hell!" He plinked three notes, turned the amp off and said, in a bored manner, "Yeah sure, cool!" Then it was back to jiggling around the room screaming shit like "BROWEA BLEEEER NEEEEER VEE-BOOMP-DE-BOP!" To this he wonders what the hell the amp is for.

CAPTAIN KIRK

(William Shatner)

WILL PROVE IT TO YOU



that the cooks in his favorite fast-food joints know he offed Pussy Cook and are trying to kill him. He soon tries subsisting solely on crack and liquor, which brings about his imminent demise.

It's not really the heavy-handed, story-with-a-moral, like it sounds. The Coolies give us lyrics laced with a cynical, tongue-in-cheek humor. The music, utilizing a good, stiff backbeat and buzz-saw guitars, is reminiscent of the Replacements or the Descendents. And in the song "Cook Book," they pay musical tribute to "A Quick One," the Who's first attempt at a "mini-opera," by using the "strum, lyric, strum, lyric" effect Townshend used and a falsetto chorus chanting "cook book."

I don't think I'd insult this album by calling it a rock opera. It doesn't even compare to the convoluted attempts that have appeared in the past. There are no meandering, seven-minute-plus numbers. All are performed in concise, two-to-three minute bursts. And the album is well-written enough that each song stands up on its own.

If you like albums with good plots, or if you're just a sucker for the traditional skinhead-kills-fag-skinhead-gets-rich-and-dies-of-a-drug-overdose story like I am, "Doug: A Rock Opera" is your type of meat.

--Bill Covington

PICTURE A VICKERS ATTENDANT.

Written the day of my return from Lawrence, after witnessing the aforementioned human responses, and some not mentioned, I must say that I enjoyed the show. Thanks Mr. Biafra, just goes to show, you learn something new every day. Or was his name Dividend?

Picture a Vickers attendant

standing alone, on a darkened stage, somewhere in Lawrence, Kansas. He held in his hands some sheets of paper. He began to read, "We interrupt this program to bring you this special bulletin..." Almost, as if on cue, a barrage of plastic cups were hurled at him from areas in the crowd. His amplified voice was overpowered by the voices of profanity, uttered by a handful of really big guys. He continued on. A deep voice from way in the back shouted, "Tell us something we don't already know!" Immediately, many in the crowd followed intelligently with, "Tell us something we don't already know!" I almost detected the briefest of pauses in his voice, but probably not. "Love American Death Squad Style," he continued.

Strangely enough the person next to me decided that, that was all the inspiration he needed. He must have mustered all the air that his head could hold, for he gestured, and with a mighty blow, he spat, hitting our employee on the forehead. "Good shot," a neighbor replied. The attendant didn't even stop for a breath, nor did he stop to wipe his brow.

This continued on until almost the end of his forty minute performance. I guess the big guys must have become bored, or maybe, just maybe, it was something he said. I just don't know any more. The person who had spat upon our employee, applauded him at the end.

-- Pete Stuchmann



CHILD'S RECOGNITION AND MEAN POINT TEST BOARD
Test duration: 15 min. 01/3 cm

One day I saw him hopping through the house spanking his silent guitar and wearing my headphones, the cord dangling along behind him plugged into nothing. I stopped him in the kitchen and said, "Just what exactly are you doing?" His answer: "Lookin' cool. NEEEROOW WOWO-WOW DA-BEEENER BLOUT! Hell. Elvis used to do it in every movie. I think it was Frankie Avalon that I saw once in a pitiful beach movie standing up in the back of a speeding convertible singing and playing a guitar without a microphone or amp. Or brains. Does he even know how to play the thing at all? And the dude on

surf board, on a big wave, with the electric guitar -- maybe it's better that it wasn't plugged in.

These movies were really bad about showing you a three-piece band, but the soundtrack had a fucking orchestra of instruments blasting away in the backround. (Hey- I don't see no damn piano...) It just bugs the shit out of me. That's why I can really respect Andy Griffith. You ever see him kicked back down at the sheriff's office or out on the front porch with Barney and Aunt Bea, strumming his guitar and humming moldy old folk-gospel songs? Well I can tell you, he's really playing the thing. He aint pulling no shit on anyone -- he's really playing the damn thing. You gotta respect a man like that.

It burns my ass to see a moron in a video, bashing an electric guitar with it's plug hole empty like an exposed asshole. I was showing my kid how to tune his guitar one day. I was being as clear and precise as I could about it. I had my guitar strapped on and he was wearin' his. "There," I said. "That's what you do when your guitar gets out of tune." He looked at me through the mirrored lenses of his cheap sunglasses and said, "Why?"

-- Tim Gilbert

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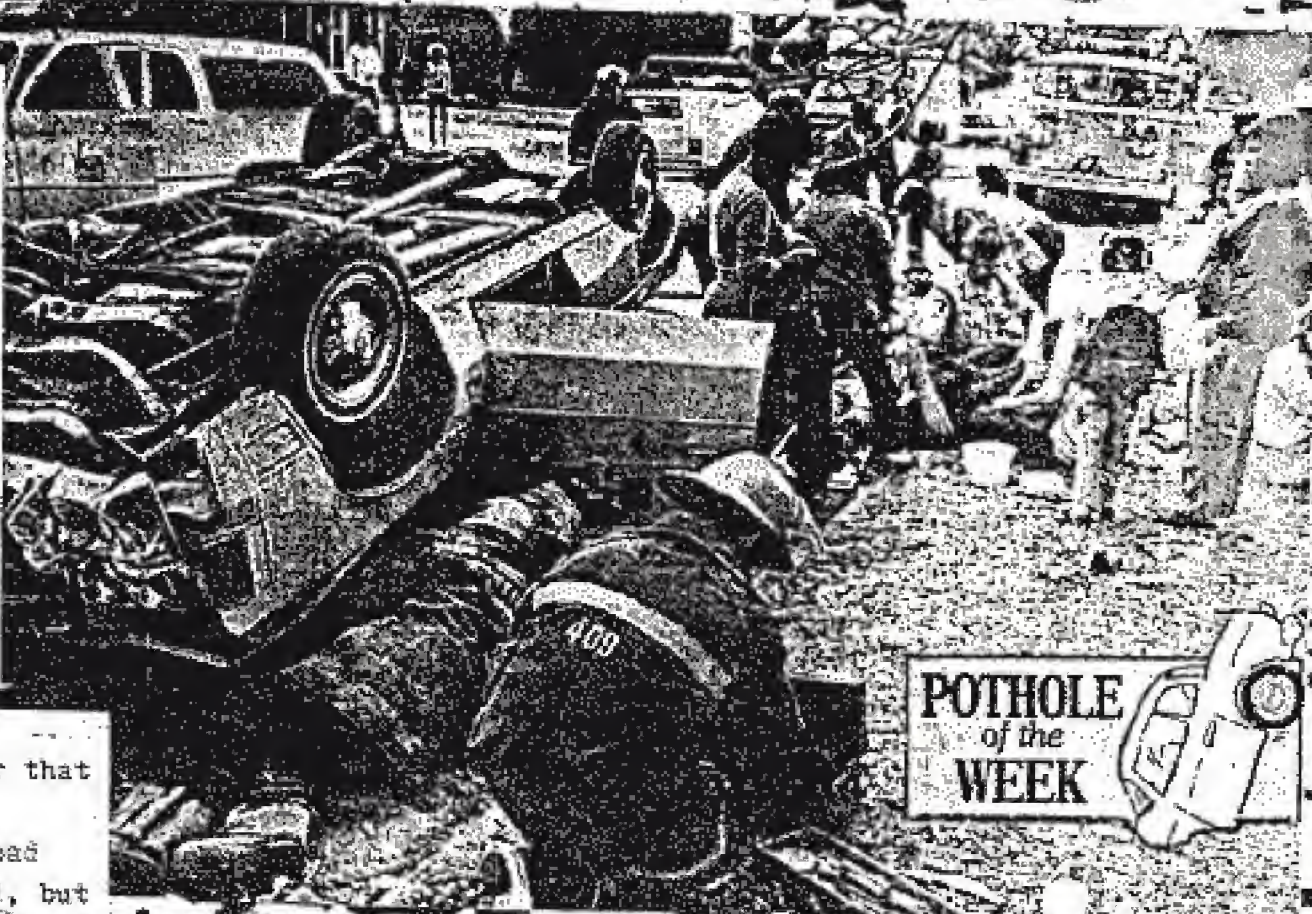
BILL COVINGTON

KEVIN MEAD

TIM GILBERT

RACINE ZACKULA

JAKE EUKER



POTHOLE
of the
WEEK

LOCAL AND SEMI-LOCAL BAND SCENE

Tim Lee*Lonestar*9/12

Evan Johns and the H-Bombs*Grand Emporium*9/14

Evan Johns and the H-Bombs*Coyotes*9/16

Trix Shakespeare*Bottleneck*9/16

AFTER MIDNIGHT BASH IV WITH KLYDE KONNOR, BLIVETS, MUMBLES, LEGS AKIMBO, JOES MOSE, AND SPECIAL MYSTERY GUESTS THE GRAVEDIGGERS*WSU-CAC BALLROOM*9/17

Ricky Dean Sinatra*Bottleneck*9/21

Homestead Grays*Parody Hall*9/23 & 9/24

Walking Wounded*Coyote*9/23

Pat O'Connor & Bill Garrison*B-3 Club*9/24

Absolute Ceiling*Lone Star*9/26

Tallgators & Homestead Grays*Bottleneck*9/30

SST NIGHT-Firehose, Screaming Trees & Kirk Kelly*Grand Emporium*10/3

Say Charles*WSU*10/13

Osmond Family Christmas Tour*Crown Uptown Dinner Theatre*12/3



LIVING WITH THE BOMB

#3

BACKGROUNDS PROVIDED BY
ART GREIG

CONTEST WINNERS

Congratulations to those who colored Elizabeth Montgomery most creatively. The winners of The Embarrassment Lp are: Mark Lowen of Newton, Philip Nichol of Wichita, and Don Seven of Baby Sue Records. If you live in town and have'nt picked up your lp, you can do so at Music, Inc. (formerly Second Time Around) at 3203 E. Douglas. If you live out of town, I'll mail your prize to you shortly. (really.)

YIPPIE!!

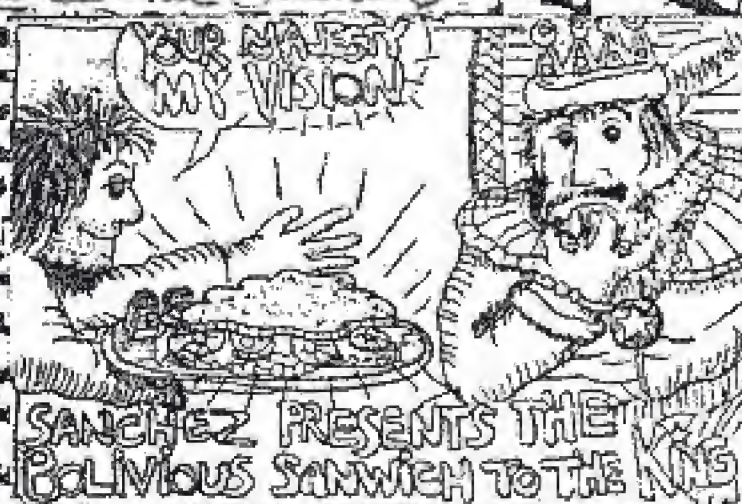
AND IF YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS A MORONIC CONTEST, READ ON...



CONTEST FROM HELL

With Halloween coming on, we thought we'd explore the most terrifying times of our own and your lives. We are prepared to present a fifteen dollar (\$15.00) gift certificate to the person sending us the most horrifying story. It can be inspired by life experience, or hallucination, and please limit it to 300 words or less. We'll print the winning story in the next Gopher Purge next to our own most nightmareish experiences. The deadline for entry is October 25th. Remember, if this sounds incredibly stupid to you, the worst that could happen is a fifteen dollar (\$15.00) increase in your record buying budget (at Music, Inc., formerly Second Time Around.) And what could you possibly lose?

BOLIVIOUS SANDWICH



by Mary Mann
Managing editor

An addition to the alternative music scene in Wichita is Gopher Purge Press, the official newsletter of KMUW's After Midnight.

Gopher Purge Press is paid for by KMUW. It is distributed free through the After Midnight mailing list; Second Time Around Records, 839 S. Hillside; Kirby's Beer Store, 17th and Holyoke; and Watermark Books, 149 N. Broadway.

The latest issue of Gopher Purge Press, which began about 2½ months ago, came out Friday and there will be a new issue every two months.

Each issue contains the After Midnight playlist, a listing of the most played songs; album reviews, done mostly by After Midnight disc jockeys; an interview with an artist or a band in the alternative music scene; cartoons; and an imaginative layout and design.

The March issue also features a spoof interview with the band R.E.M. and a Color Elizabeth Montgomery's Face Contest.

"The most important thing about it is the playlist," said Teri Mott, producer of KMUW's After Midnight and editor of Gopher Purge. "That's why we have it. Gopher Purge gets sent to all the record labels that give us record service.

"Record service means I call record companies and ask them for records and we send them a playlist," Mott said. "If we're playing the styles of music they want to sell, they send us albums.

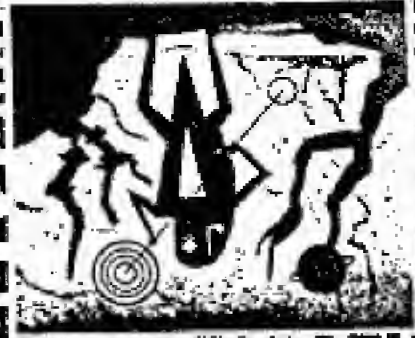
"Gopher Purge accepts letters," added Mott. "I encourage people to read and respond.

"We want to cover as many alternative styles as possible," she added. "Although most of the people who do the work are into certain styles, more hardcore, guitar bands and more experimental music is reviewed.

"We will take into consideration concert and album reviews from almost anybody," said Mott. "We try to keep concert information up to date and in the newsletter."

To get on the After Midnight mailing list, Mott said, "Give them (KMUW employees) your address and zip code and they'll send you one every time they come out."

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GOPHER PURGE

4th ANNUAL



ALL NIGHT
89.1



10. Friendly Welcomers